

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS. J. HANNON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. ALBANY, OREGON. Office on Main street, opposite Foster's Brick.

J. QUINN THORNTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Albany, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SUPERIOR and inferior Courts of Marion, Lane, Lane, Benton and Polk counties. Five per cent charged on collections, when made without suing.

BENJ. HAYDEN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will attend to all business entrusted to him by citizens of Polk and adjoining counties. Kola, July 26, 1867.

OFFICE OF COUNTY SHERIFF. AT WATERLOO, SIX MILES ABOVE LEBANON, on the Santiam. Post office at Lebanon, Co. J. W. MACK, Sheriff. Co. School Superintendent.

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. ALBANY, OREGON. Diligent attention will be given to all business in his line. Jan 23rd 1867.

DENTISTRY! PRICES GREATLY REDUCED! DR. E. H. GRIFFIN

Proposes to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1868, as follows, viz: Full upper and lower set of Art. Teeth, \$30 to \$50 Full upper or lower " " " \$15 to \$25

N. H. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office in "Excelsior" Brick Building, upstairs, Albany, Oregon.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW and Notary Public. Special attention given to collections. Office in the Court House, Albany, Oregon.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S., GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE. WOULD INVITE ALL PERSONS DESIRING Artificial Teeth and first-class Dental Operations, to give him a call.

POWELL & FLINN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, E. Flinn, Notary Public.

HILTABIDEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Main street, adjoining the Express Office, Albany, Oregon.

THE EYES! THE EARS! DR. T. L. GOLDEN, OCUList AND AURIST, ALBANY, OREGON.

BUSSELL & ELKINS, Office in Pariah's & Co's Block, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON.

C. O. D. WALTHAM WATCHES-C. O. D. LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. FULLER & Co. (Late M. H. Chapman & Co.) Removed to No. 25 John street, N. Y.

SAMUEL DENNY, UNDERTAKER, AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF CABINET WARE! ALBANY, OREGON.

NO MORE FOOLISHNESS! THOSE INDEBTED TO ME ARE INFORMED that promises to pay don't "go" any longer. Patience is exhausted and I MUST have money. This is the last Call and at the expiration of thirty days I will put all unsettled accounts in the hands of a lawyer for collection—sure!

State Rights Democrat.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"CHANGE OF BASE!" BLAIN & YOUNG, ALBANY, OREGON. Having bought all the Merchandise of J. Barrows & Co., will continue the business. And we invite all to give us a call.

GOODS DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND WILL KEEP A QUANTITY OF GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &c.

WE WILL OFFER INDUCEMENTS TO ALL Ready-Pay Customers!

ALL PERSONS OWING THE FIRM OF J. BARROWS & Co., will please call and settle. This member of the firm is authorized to settle any account of the Company.

ALBANY FOUNDRY! MACHINE SHOP! ALBANY, OREGON.

A. F. CHERRY, PROPRIETOR. MANUFACTURER OF STRAM ENGINES, CRIST AND SAW-MILLS, REAPERS AND THRESHERS, WOODWORKING MACHINERY, PUMPS, &c., &c., &c. Machinery of all kinds.

REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE! PATTERN MAKING Done in All Its Various Forms!

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS Of All Kinds, Made to Order! Dec. 5th 1867. A. F. CHERRY.

MARBLE WORKS! A. J. MONROE, DEALER IN MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMBS, MARBLES!

MOUNT HOOD! TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON. LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!

F. M. MORRIS & W. C. AVERY, both old Oregonians, having beyond a doubt the largest ox in the world, proposes to the people of Oregon to take this monster to the Atlantic States and exhibit him as an Oregon production.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!!! OF NEW YORK. OFFICERS—EDWARD A. JONES, Pres't; JOSEPH O. HALEY, Vice Pres't; JOHN A. MORTIMER, Sec'y; HENRY B. WHEAT, M. D., Mod. Ex.

NOTICE. "Sweepstake" Thresher and Separator! STILL ONE YET!! EIGHT HORSE POWER! For Sale at a Bargain and terms easy for Payment.

Call on R. Chadwell at his CASH STORE at Albany Oregon. R. CHADWELL, Albany, June 24, 1869.

NO MORE FOOLISHNESS! THOSE INDEBTED TO ME ARE INFORMED that promises to pay don't "go" any longer. Patience is exhausted and I MUST have money.

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GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm! God bless it every rood, Where willing heart and sturdy arm Can earn an honest livelihood!

God bless each meadow, field and nook, Begrimed with fairest flowers! And every leaf that gently shook, By evening breeze or morning showers.

The orchards that in early spring Black rich with fragrant flowers, And with each autumn surely bring Their wealth of fruit in golden showers.

Unweaved by toil and tricks for gain, He turns the fertile mold; Then scatters on the golden grain, And reaps reward a hundred fold.

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LAST HOURS OF MRS. SICKLES.

Was She a Guilty Woman or Not? A writer in the New York World, who is familiar with the dying hours of the wife of Daniel E. Sickles, has furnished to that paper the following interesting account, which will strengthen the doubt concerning her guilt, or, at least, raise a question in the minds of many who are yet familiar with the memorable scandal with which her name is coupled:

I, for one, do not believe Mrs. Sickles guilty of the charge made against her. I believe Sickles to have been as vile in his treatment of his wife as he was in every other respect; perhaps more vile, because he could wrong her with impunity, and sweep from the earth, covered with odium, a man whose graces created envy in his own mind, and whose manly sense of honor was a reproach to his own villainy, and whose intellect and culture were far beyond his own reach, and whose only sin was in his sympathy for, and kindness to a neglected, ill-used wife. I admit that it is dangerous ground, this sympathy for a married woman, who better be content to suffer, endure and die than touch the tempting cup. Let this suffice on this head.

That Mrs. Sickles was lovely in person, simple and child-like in character, all admit. Such characters are not easily degraded. Were she the degraded creature he has led the world to believe, her sensibilities would not have remained so acute that she died in less than two years of a broken heart.

She was weak and cowardly, I admit. Alas! these defects would have made her sacred in the eyes of a manly man, and he would have done his utmost to shield her from evil.

Let me depict the few last hours in the life of this injured woman. Stung, it may be, by an irresponsible feeling of remorse, he pretends in the eyes of the world to have restored her to favor. I will not discuss the propriety of this kind of klopstock sentiment. I speak of the fact.

She was placed in a handsome house, with the ordinary appliances of wealth. Of the secret history of the two at this time nothing need be said. She was ruined in character, broken in health, utterly lost to the world as an object of respectability.

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JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

Vanity is seldom malicious. Anxiety always steps on itself. Curiosity is the instinct of wisdom. Fools are the whet-stones of society. Silence, like darkness, is generally safe.

A woman [like an echo], will have the last word. Praise that ain't deserved ain't no better than slander. Friendship is simply the gallantry of self-interest.

Better make a weak man your enemy than your friend. A lie is like a cat, it never comes to you in a straight line. Beware of the man with half shut eyes—he ain't dreaming.

Experience makes more timid men than it does wise ones. Politeness is a shrewd way folks have of flattering themselves. No man ever yet increased his reputation by contradicting lies.

Opiumyuns are like other vegetables, worth just what they will fetch. Advice is a drug in the market; the supply always exceeds the demand. Men mourn for what they have lost—wimmin, for what they haint got.

I give the world credit for a grate deal more honesty than it can show. One of the safest and most successful talents I know of is to be a good listener. What a ridiculous face it is to be continually on the hunt for peace and quiet.

I think most men had rather be charged with malice than with making a blunder. It takes brains to make a smart man, but good luck often makes a famous one. Wizen men have every good chance they kin git. Laffing is only a weakness in phoos.

Love cuts up all sorts of monkey shins, it makes a fool sober and a wise man frisky. A slander is like a hornet, if you can't kill it dead the first blo, you better not strike at it.

When a man is squandering his estate, even those who are getting it, call him a phool. I don't believe in total depravity, every man has something in him to show that God made him.

Studdy the heart if you want to learn human nature; there ain't no human nature in a man's head. There is only two things that I know of that a man wont brag ov, one is lying, and tuther is jealousy.

Gratitude is a debt, and like all other debts, it paid because we are obliged to, not because we love to. Nature is a kind mother. She couldn't well afford to make us perfect, and so she made us blind to our own failings.

A humbug is like a bladder, good for nothing till it is blowed up, and then ain't good for nothing after it is izicked. I judge of a man's virtue entirely by his phisions—it is a grate deal easier to be a good dove than descent sarpan.

There is three kinds ov phoos in this world, the natural ones, the common every day phool, and the dagh phool. A big nose is sed to be a sign of genius—if a man's genius lays in his nose, I should say the sign was a good one.

I suppose that one reason why the "road to ruin" is broad, is twec accommodate the great amount of travel in that direkshun. There are menny ways to find out how brave and how honest a man may be, but there ain't no way to find out the extent of his vanity.

Put man down [for me] as a vain and selfish critter, all his talk and akshuns to the contrary, notwithstanding, nevertheless, to-wit, verily, amen. Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in the "wimmin's rights business," then I am going to take 'er under my arm and jine the procession.

I make this distinction between character and reputashun—reputashun is what the world thinks of us, character is what the world knows of us. Those who become disgusted with draw from the world, mustn't forget it's long time before they forgit the world.

I think I had rather hear a man brag about himself, than twer hear him brag all the time of some some one else—for I think I like vanity a leetle better than I do sickfashny. Put an Englishman in the garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blasted consarn—put a Yankee, and he would see what he could alter it to advantage—put an Irishman in, and he would want to buy boss the thing—put a Dutchman in, and he would proceed at once to plant cabbage.

"DEY DON'T DIE DAT WAY."—The comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable for its point as well as eloquence. "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Brethren, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know; and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb by the soft light of the moon to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lit my head to heaven and say, 'Blessed ar de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

A Philadelphian thus poetizes the Pacific Railroad: "The mighty work at last is done, 'Tis speedily and to break, O! And now in ten days you can run From here to San Francisco."

CHOP.—The white of an egg, gi'cep in swetened water, is a sure cure for the performance, according to the testimony of a distinguished French physician. The remedy must be repeated until a cure is effected.

TO PREVENT ROT.—It is said that a pint of slackened lime scattered over a barrel of potatoes will effectually de-stroy all tendency to rot. The remedy is simple and within the reach of all.

THE CHINESE GIANT.

All the men of big stature do not perish in the flood, although that forty day's swept off the most of them. A veritable Broddingnag is in our midst to-day. Chang, the huge Chinaman, is here, and is suffering the inconveniences of his bulky greatness. The cars afford no room for him to deposit his ample lumber regions in. Chairs are shaky props, beds there are none to support him, and, altogether, he finds New York as bare of convenience for his comfort as Tiniancoo. Yesterday orders were given for a chair of stout strength and immense size, and a bed for the reception of his monstrous limbs will be ready for the giant to-night.

Chang is a monster in flesh, and a giant in height, and has exhibited himself in England and Paris. While in England, at the request